



The Message



survival

post-apocalyptic

sci-fi

 163  3  14

Chapter 1 by StanG

My hair hung longer around my shoulders, even as the days grew shorter, just like The Book had said they would. Remembering the first day after the Message had been given became tougher with each new sun. How we were expected to survive this, I'd never know, but like every other human I knew, I would try my damndest.

Of course, the drones made that something of a slim prospect - they could find you even behind the thickest concrete - and dodging their kindly 'disciplinary guidance' materiel increased in difficulty in direct proportion to how much food I'd been able to find. The daily grind of awaking in hunger to leave the relative safety of the hideout to search for something to eat was taking its ever-increasing toll on my body and mind. Fear stalked every thought, whether awake or fitfully sleeping and that, too, added to the continual stresses.

A high-pitched whistle came to my attention from somewhere above my head.

You could never tell until it was almost upon you where the explosive would detonate, so immediate cover needed to be found. A metallic, inhuman voice explained the requirement for

all citizens to remain in their bunkers, all will be dealt with in due time, just as the missile fell no more than two metres from where I was, behind the front wall of a building. Covering my head and crouching with my back to the wall for protection from the expected explosion, I accepted my final fate. The

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...Nothing happened.

I waited interminably for the deafening roar, the killing blow, the intense pain, the oblivion that must surely follow, while my body waited for my brain to catch up.

[Move, come on. Find more food then get back to safety.]

As I edged from hiding place to open space in my unceasing search for nourishment, the explosions, the screams, the acrid smoke, the gases of various types, all interfered with my ability to breathe calmly. I absolutely must be able to control my breathing, or the exhaled vapours would be a beacon to the sensors of the drones hovering throughout this shell of a city.

I must look for clean snow as well as food. Without the cooling effect helping disguise my heavy breathing, my journey through the debris-strewn streets would be tracked too easily and all the work I had done to camouflage my body would be wasted. It was relatively easy to hide during the daylight hours, as long as the improvised ghillie suit I had fashioned over time hid my shape properly within the rubble and ruin. As long as there were no straight lines visible anywhere that would attract the attention of the drones.

Those relentless, inhuman drones, the Seekers, so-called due to their classification of CKRS - nobody knew any more where their name had originated - but that's what we called them now. They were constant, dogged and ruthless in their search for any organic creature in their path, making survival in this new world even more implausible.

After months of living within the open ruins of the city, the cold was beginning to take a toll on my health. I must find the relative safety of the Western Ascendants who promised that any and all survivors would be welcome. I needed to reach their domain in the northern regions of this huge city, and then, possibly, there might be time to rest.

Chapter 2 by m a r i e



In the meantime, I need dinner. I made my way through the deserted streets, looking for

anything that could harm me (which was everything lately). As I turned the corner on Campton Bridge Rd, I saw something inhuman. It was a creature that smelled suspiciously like smoked sausage. I tried to run, but my legs were weaker than I was when its head snapped up at me. I was a loser, and I started to

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shuffle away when something had locked onto my wrist. I looked down, expecting to see rotting flesh but, I didn't expect it to be a hand.

Espically a boy's hand.

Chapter 3 by Elizabeth Stevens



I look at the the person who owned the hand and he was hot. Well the hottest boy I have seen in a long time. That is when it hit me I running one knows where and with some boy I don't even know. Then I was panicking. What If he kills me, what if he tries to rape me. Oh my god I don't know where I am anymore I'm lost, I'm going to die goodbye world. The next thing I know is that I'm in some type of building. What the hell. I looked at the boy and asked the questions that I have been dying to know.

"Who are you and where did you come from."

Chapter 4 by Elizabeth Stevens



" Hi my name is Jake" he said as if this happened to him everyday. Witch I would like to see because I haven't seen a person in months. I look at him like he was crazy. Then he got this look on his face like something just hit him that he was not justing before.

" There is a place you can go you just need to trust me."

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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